





NEW ORLEANS TO HOST HEROES CONVENTION!

by Wm. Shetterly
Staff Writer

Costumed representations will meet in Free Louisiana. Captain Confed, the first costume champion, and Kid Dixie.

The conference of the North American League of Nations (N.A.L.N.) is said to be significant for troubled countries in peace.

Other attendees include El Brujo, Japs, the Texan cyb

The *Wilhelm IV*, somewhere
in the Atlantic



I do not question
Captain Friedmann's skill, Your
Majesty. She has always been
one of Germany's finest
test pilots.

You question her loyalty.

Yes.

You are
obsessed.

True,
Your Majesty.
With serving you and our
homeland
well.









Mexico City, Empire of Mexico



He will be here
won't he?

Well El
Brujo he'll
think of
something
That's his
job



Of course. But
he must make an
entrance.

Even here?
What can he do
in a place like
this?



You sound so
cynical.



That's
my job. I
think Mexico
loves him
because
he's so—



What?

—Richard



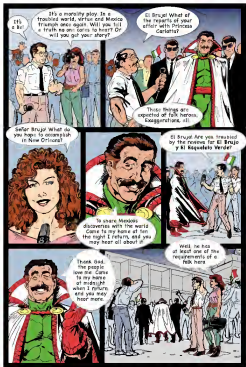
Please, don't be
startled by my theatrical
ways. There's no fire.

Quental Stay by me!

But
Mama! It's El
Brujo!







It's a bit!

It's a morality play. In a troubled world, virtue and Mexico triumph once again. Will you tell a truth as one comes to hear? Or will you get your story?

El Brujo: What of the reports of your affair with Princess Carlotta?

Those things are expected of folk heroes. Exaggerations, all.

Sister Brujo: What do you hope to accomplish in New Orleans?

El Brujo: Are you troubled by the reviews for *El Brujo y El Riquelme Verde*?

To share Mexico's discoveries with the world. Come to my home at ten the night I return, and you may hear all about it.

Well, he has at least one of the requirements of a folk hero.

Thank God, the people love me. Come to my home at midnight when I return, and you may hear more.

Brigham Young Stadium,
Salt Lake City, Decemist

You see Dr. Deethelen
there at the far end?

Ah, yes. The woman our young people call Dr. Deeserel.

A few boys from the varsity
teams volunteered to stop her
from reaching the far end of
the stadium.

We didn't want to make
this too easy, so she ran ten miles
to get here. She took no drugs
until she arrived.

And now?

A stimulant to keep her moving quickly.
Or a pain suppressor, perhaps.

Part of the test is to see
how well she judges her body's
needs and tolerances.

We've only
begun to learn
the limits of
human
efficiency.

There are over fifty drugs available in the cartridges on her belt. They snap into the top in her arm, sending their contents into her blood in moments.

She could abuse herself horribly. The morality of this—

The land is blessed when we seek to improve ourselves. President Scott. And Dr. Denholm is a doctor of medicine.

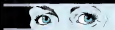
The land is not blessed by hubris. Professor Barnes. Neither doctors of medicine nor supervisors of special programs are excluded.

We need efficient defenders. I know. But I don't have to like what I've approved. If Dr. Denholm dies, we'll have killed her together.

But Denholm is hardly surrounded by allies. We need—

Er, yes. Put these on. The test is about to become more interesting.







Does it seem strange that
our champion in New Orleans
will be a woman?

I confess, it does.

There are great
women in Deseret's
history. Remember Dinah
Kirksam, whom some called
the prophetess. Her like
may come again.



As my words will not
let me forget.



Well done, Dr. Garholm!
Deseret will be well-represented.
Go and rest now. Professor
Tarnas has told me of the toll
the drugs take from you.



Thank you, President
Scott. I try to be worthy
of Deseret and God.



San Francisco, the United
Republic of California.

That's him.

You sure?
Might be some guy
getting a better look
at a surfbather.

He's landing.

Might be a
moped-riding politician.
Or a Yachwin's waitress.
Or someone needing to
use the john.

It's the damn
Yachwin. He's heading
for the door.

Senno, Carlos.
Let's give him down
now.

Papa!
Los ingirfist!

Could be an
Anglo-California. Or
that landlord. Or just
about anyone.

If you work
hard in school, you
can be a Spirit of the
People when you
grow up, too.

I'm calling for
police backup. We're
going in.

Don't be crazy.
You can't be sure.













It's too small and too fast for anyone's weapons to track accurately.



The sword has a monomolecular blade. The Samurai can also carry bombs and light artillery.



Judith P. Benjamin Station,
Richmond, Virginia,
Confederate States of America

Think of the trip
as practice for
our honeymoon.

Some folks'd
think we're
prophesying a little
late. Or are you
smuggling a
bawling ball into
Free Louisiana,
Ma Williams?

I wish it wud
I'd make you carry
it half the time.
Wish it—

Shit!

Knights of Old Dixie,
my dar, knowes, moyle.

Obey, we ride
the trails. Maybe we
catch a Zepplin
after—





We'll wait.
Police'll be along
soon enough.

LET YOURS
BE ALONG
TOGETHER



Where
you put in
there? Your
white should?
Or can you
remember?



Let go
of my hand,
you white!
You provoke!



Stop that! Just stop
that now, hear me!

What
the hell?



And don't you
wear, young man!



Call yourselves
Knights of Old Dixie!
What kind of Dixie go
you remember?











Columbus, Ohio,
United States of America.



Your mind wasn't on the game, Mr. Lennox.

Diplomatic, too. I like that, Kelly. But my mind is always on what I'm doing.



But it wasn't for blood, money, or glory 'when it mattered. Miss McIntyre lost the World Chess Championship to Kasparov, the Miss North America title to that Pacific girl—

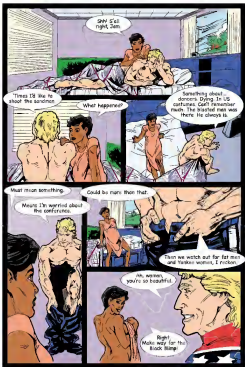
I didn't get to be hall monitor in the fourth grade, either.



But I only took the silver in fencing. If you have any doubts—













Hops I didn't
startle you there.



I believe you
have proven your
identity well enough.
Where Lane Star. It
amused you!



Well, I just forgot I
was towing the robbers.
Didn't mean--

I'm sure.
You may pass.



Your people are everywhere.

Everywhere that there is money.

You do not have to like me, Captain Friedman.

That's fortunate,
Colonel.

But you do not ignore me.

You envy that puddler?

No, I could never ... ignore you.

He's happy. I can envy anyone who's happy.

Oh! You won't!

With two beautiful children being raised safely in the Fatherland? Who are proud of their mother because they know she is loyal?

May I visit them after that?

Of course! Like your children, we're very proud of you.

And we want you to know that working for us helps those you love.









Awah!

If you're
the only thing
between me and
happiness—

Oh, God, please! Don't!



—you'd better
get out of my way
understand?

Please, I



Understand!



Awah! Yes! I
understand!



Where's the kit?



My suitcase! Please,
I wouldn't have—

Clinton, when
the conference is over, ask
for someone else to head
the Gabriel Program.



We're talking. I
think we understand
each other.







Captain
Confederatism! A few
questions, if you
please!

Do we have time?

If you want it.

It's the job.



We'd be delighted.

Mind stepping into
the light?



No prob-

You're not in the way there.

Is it hard being the
first person of color
who's a national
costumed hero?

Wasn't the first
Captain Confederacy
brag?



You're
making a
joke?

I think it's important to
know who we exclude. No one
is literally white or black.
We're all people of color.

You say that wearing a
flag that's the symbol of
slavery and oppression to
many of our people.



Slavery in the CSA
ended in the 1870s. It lasted
much longer in nations like
Brazil and Cuba.





The would-be assassin's
motiva remains a mystery,
but thanks to—



I got you now, Capt'n!



Why is that for me?



Carson Copn-founded again.



—trouble of the border?

Well... A brake failure.



POW

If it hadn't been for
Lone Star's quick thinking,
several lives might've
been lost!



The Spirits accept people
from any nation. I'm starting
a chapter here in Charleston.



The first Capt'n was the best.
Now we got a girl for the
Capt'n. I s'pose that's okay.



Oh, Daseerah—I mean, Dr.
Donholm—is greatest! She's
a special agent of God!



y! Bruja es el jefe! I saw
him in El Bruja versus the
Vampires from Venus Ex!



Union Made! The brightest
and lookest! You catch her
photospread in Sport! Mode
me, stand up and salute!



JANICE WALKER
MEXICO

JANE MORALES
MEXICO

TOM HATHILL
USA

—meeting of the heads of Germany and Japan in the Free Port of New York was described as “cordial” D—



We were confounded by MAUP's request for a hero. Should we send wise folk from every tribe?



After much talk, a contest was held. I ran and swam fastest. This does not make me a national hero.



But I have a New York agent if anyone wants me to advertise running shoes.



—to Reverend Candy's Wallis Ministry, and our Shroud of Turin beach towel—



Ain't no international criminals at the dragstore when I'm on patrol.



—82 L/1 Rebel from Tucker Martens. When you go your own way, go in style!



A few citizens with enhanced abilities and glossy costumes do not justify a nation.



These so-called heroes say being strong matters more than being wise.



We must hope their value is primarily symbolic. Perhaps they inspire us all to be and do our very best.



A super soldier is only one goal. A true superhuman would be the ultimate spy and the ultimate assassin.



Uh, of course. These advances would ultimately benefit everyone with, uh, greater strength and better health.





Callous Army-Air Base.

—first demonstration begins with Australia's new F-1 multi-purpose minifighter, better known as the Flying Fox. Whether Japanese observers will be impressed—

Might laugh themselves to death.

Say what?

I've seen clips of cybernauts chopping wings off F1 planes. Aussies don't sink floating castles with them or scooters 'less they've got chronics.

Nips sure won't sell 'em chronics, and the Gernies won't offend Nips by selling 'em. Unless the Gernies were ready to use 'em themselves.

You think that's likely?

I think I need a trip to the beer keg.



Sure. But how do you convince folks to unite when they're so divided? We're talking about different nations, races, languages, cultures, religions, reasoning systems—

But a common heritage. The U.S. of A.

True. But people like you can help change that perception.



People trust pop gods far more than politicians.



Which has been a common enemy for many of us.



Tom and I don't have any more influence than a pop god.



Tell me about it. From Miss Massachusetts to the Union Head in one easy step.

You might get the splinter nations to join. Not Mexico, Canada, or Great Spirit. And you'd need to make big concessions before Deseret would consider it.

When the splinters join, the rest will see they'd better follow.

Or else? Force isn't—



No, force isn't needed. The people of this continent share a destiny that was deferred in the 1860s. Nothing can stop it forever.





Captain Hannah
Friedrich of Germany

Rock Swallows,
from Texas

Ramon Morales, Philippe Ewert, Brian
Berthoff, our Californians



Mentel's Diego
Escobar

And from Japan,
Kazuo Ikegami

Kyle Williams and Dean
Vincent of the CSA

And Kelly McIntyre
of the Union



'Golly! What a great
photo op!



Our hosts want us
to get to know each
other. I thought a start
would be to visit Robert
Johnson tonight at
Screaming Man's.

Excuse, please?
You say we go to
nightclub? I am told
I am not to
leave hotel!



I, too. Thank you
for the offer



I'm sorry
you can't!

No, no.
I am told not
to leave. Does
not mean I
not come.

Good man!

I'd be
disappointed!

Well...



My robot says we
must match the Japanese
in every way. I will go with
you tonight, somehow



Any bets on how
high the rubber chicken
will bounce?

—As robot plans
take to the air, the
Solar Samurai
prepares—



Oh, hell!





It's like
being back
in prep
school!

I cannot believe I am
doing this. Gouling has
no sense of humor.



How
how often
do you get to
hear Robert
Johnson?

I don't know who is
this Robert Johnson?



You joking? He's only
the greatest blues singer
of all—

That's us.

Toni's waiting. Kelly
says she can't make it.



What about Kibbut?

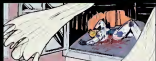
He climbed up the
brick wall to Roman's
room. Man ought to
be a Spirit.



Hi!









Christopher Telephone says it's
your best-man, an' he knows
you are here, so I am to
fetch you, no matter
who you are with.





They'd hold you till our president decided between ordering the CIA by giving you to Texas or Texas by sending you home.

Kate! My boss called! They think you killed Lane Stark!

Relax. This is a job for diplomats. Won't be my first night in jail.

Ah, Christophers, fancy meeting you here. Say, there's something outside you and your friends'll find amusing.

Don't bother. They're—

Sparked! They're armed!

Push!

Refs, run for it!

Refs, don't fight them!

Stop now!





But they didn't get away.



S'all right,
Lance. Backup plan's more
fun anyhow.

Why'n't you hide
in back? Keep an eye
on your friends.



But of course.

You okay?



Fine, white boy.
Really.

She took this from you? I'll make
sure she doesn't get it again.



You're
too kind.

Sorry you're in this.




It's just like old
times. At worst, I'll be
detected.









IF your government
act aggressively in North America, you
riskousting the US's offspring. Our heritage
includes the Monroe Doctrine.

Excuse me?

An old US
policy that the
Americas were for
US exploration
only.

You assume we're
interested in your
continent.

Wan't there a
German protest at the
League of Nations about
Japanese naval bases
in California?

Perhaps.
Please continue.
Intellectual exercises
amuse me.

Suppose a
foreign power wanted
territory in North America.
The logical start is a
loss of a friendly
nation.

The nations of the Arctic
might land troops in Lapland,
then drive up The Mississippi.

Britain
would enter
Canada on
the C&N
and sweep
west.

Russia might
spring from Alaska
driving through Pacific
and Great Spirit



None of them dare invade for the same reason Hitler has not attacked California or Germany, the US

Do we seem such a greedy lot?

I fear so.

Every scenario ends in World War Two. North American nations call in their allies. There'd be war from Antarctica to the mean colonies.

You've played war games—purly to amuse ourselves—in which a lightning strike secures North America before European powers could act.

And then?

Our military would be stretched very thin, spouting us to attack in China or Indonesia.

Suppose two powers—any theoretical powers—divided North America between them?

Would take the continent quickly, then face fierce unrest here. And you'd force Britain, Russia, and the Britons to fight you.

It's no better.

What do you propose?

Create the thing you fear: A strong United States of America.



Why?

It's better to have something than nothing. Consider

The night incident would start a war between Texas and the CSA.

Great Spirit would aid the CSA. California and Mexico would back Texas. Detroit and Louisiana would have to choose sides as their lands became battle-grounds.



Germany, Japan, and the USA could insist on no outside intervention in a North American war. Germany and Japan might make loans and arms sales to us, so we could, at, protect ourselves in case the Texas-Confederacy War spread.

Once Texas and the CSA battered each other defenseless, Union troops would sweep across the continent. We'd give the world two reasons, to restore peace and to reclaim lands that were ours.

Why not ask us to bomb our own cities? It'd make more sense than making a rival power from a third-rate one.



You haven't heard what you stand to gain.





As the US secured Texas and the CSA, their allies would surely act. The US would need help to calm a troubled land.



If Japan pacified Mexico, Baja California, and Texas south of the Rio Grande, and Germany took Canada and the northern parts of Pacific and Great Britain, what'd tell you to leave?



Not a grateful USA whose leaders would promise those lands to you. A promise that would topple our government, if made public.

Such a promise would embarrass us, too.



This plan calls for much trust.

It calls for preserving a balance of power. The US would become a buffer between your holdings, which could be to everyone's benefit.



The US is so well-liked that her rule would be accepted?

NAUP's followers want a peaceful union, but they'll accept a military one, if it's their only apparent choice.



Native peoples will resist, but they have few allies or resources. Deseret's always been ambivalent about the US. Joseph Smith believed we were a sacred nation, yet Brigham Young created a Mormon state. If Deseret's rewarded for giving up polygamy, they'll join us.







This is Art Baker. You
got my boy free?



You got him out before,
you can get him out
again, damn it!

Damn straight we
kept the rocket gun.
Got another surprise,
too.



The cap'n and the boy wonder are still alive.



What game am I playin'!
You hired my boy for a public
bet, but I'm thinkin' you wanted
him to take a fall!

You free him
by noon, heart!



I almost pity
you, girl.



Kate and I
are married.

If it's till death do
us part, that's no
problem at all.



What's out there?

Can't see nothing!



Give me something to pick this up with!



Sure!



Children!
Where are you all?



Pai! I'm—



Um



Sweet! Perry!
Lancel!



Pai! Where
are you, Pai!



Children!
Come your—



Please





Shut up!
Shut shut up!























They're using you to
resist the Union.















Gently

And
You



Boss

Your things



Baker's here.
He wants his pay
from you

And the
Collaborator

How'd
you get her. Shall
I tell him



What's up?

The man's
unstable. I'll
meet him now.
We'll tidy up in
the morning

Just a
bit of
business,
m'dear





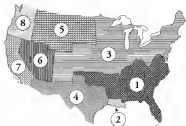












1. The Confederate States of America^{*}
2. The Free State of Louisiana
3. The United States of America^{*}
4. The Republic of Texas^{**}
5. The Great Spirit Alliance^{***}
6. Desert
7. The People's Republic of California^{*}
8. Pacific^{***}

^{*} Caribbean states and non-continental possessions not shown.

[†] Non-continental possessions not shown.

^{**} Southern borders not shown.

^{***} Northern borders not shown.

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I'm the crazy
guy with the big
gun. Time for
discretion
over again.



You talk on
international
incidents!

All the cop
kids do.



Freeze! We're



Just in time for
the finale.

Her progress
is — excellent? Yes.
Thank you.





With great shame and sorrow, I'm
resigning as the head of the North
American Unity Foundation



—but only seeking to enrich ourselves
I've given a list of our illegal and
immoral activities to Louisiana's—



Despite the tragic deaths of three
deamplars, the Hensel Conference will
continue. I'm sorry to say the Texons'
rocket gas had not been recovered.



The Board of Directors and I have
abused the dreams of millions of North
Americans, promising peace—



Bureau of International Information
I pray this sincere and un-coerced
confession will help right our many
grave wrongs.



However, the Louisiana government
will freely share with Texas and the world all
progress we make with our own miniature
rocketry program, which begins next week.



We're saddened by the deaths of new friends. Rock Edwards and Hannah Friedman were inspirations to us all.

The conference is making new bonds among nations. I think that'd make Rock and Hannah both very happy.



Uh, White Boy? We got one more confrontation to make.



What?



The Confederacy's population is about to increase.

















—late missing people cases most. They tell you about someone they loved, and the cops have quit looking, the clues are gone, and even if you succeed, you find a corpse or someone who doesn't want to be found



Folks like knowing. If nothing else, they like knowing you tried. And sometimes the good guys win



Like the time I found a boy jacking daddies in a reach hotel in Fingler Beach? I got him home to Mom and Papa. And he runs again in a month, 'cause nothing had changed—



If you're burned out, let the job go

And start paying for my own drinks! Are you mad?



The new one's charming. Black woman's white boyfriend is gone. She's pregnant. Maybe he ran off. Maybe some whites didn't like him living with a black. Maybe some blacks didn't like the same thing. Isn't this a great world?



Sorrell! Tell her about the Yankee U.F.O!

Want to swap a depress-a for a week-off?



He has lots of stuff like this. A Texaco credit card, a U.S. Virginia driver's license, a two dollar bill with a black man named King on it—



It's a hint. He takes the proof he's from World X, then hits the folios and tabloids, sells a book to a sleazy publisher, and in a year, no one remembers him. Unless he does a sequel about a world where we lost the Great War.



What's he say? Martians brought him to rule our people?

Says his family died in an airport crash and his boyfriend died in a plague.

He took a job in his South, to start over. Went for a walk, looked up, and saw a Zap.



He hit a library. Seems his grandmother here died in '42, before his father was conserved.

He says his boyfriend's family never had a reason to flee our Germany. So they never changed their name, so he can't hope to find him, if he exists. Then he saw a G.O.S.A. ad.



Sounds like a coping mechanism. He can't bear to forget the people he loved, and he can't live in a world where they suffered, so now he's in one where they never existed. When he saw the G.O.S.A. ad, he had to ask for help or admit his other world is a fantasy.

So, did you get him to pay?



He refused. It's not going to push. Who isn't entitled to one harmless delusion?























W. C. Sullivan





